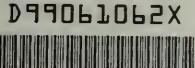


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Jackson is dead
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JACKSON IS DEAD!

BY REBEL.

:o:

Jackson is dead! And the tears of a nation
Rise with the prayers of the millions that pray.
Jackson is dead! And the sad revelation
Lifts the sweet incense from altars to-day.
Liberty bent o'er her champion sleeping,
And shrieked as the conqueror fled from the earth;
His country beside his still coffin is weeping—
Tear-drops of blood from the land of his birth.

Jackson is dead! Weep matron and maiden
For him who his life for our safety did spend;
Weep o'er the urn with his honored dust laden,
The hero, the husband, the father and friend.
Weep, for his arm was wielded to save you
From insult and outrage, from ruin and shame;
Weep, for his life he willingly gave you,
A stranger to fortune, a spurner of fame.

Jackson is dead! and the camp is in mourning
Its veterans honored by many a scar;
And warriors who, life and suffering scorning,
Have breasted the angry tornado of war,
Bow down their heads when they hear his name spoken
And weep scalding tears for the hero they love,
And kneeling they pray that the spirit, now broken;
May kindle its flame from the hero's above.

Jackson is dead! Bear softly his ashes,
And lay them to rest near Mount Vernon's green vale,
He bears not the cannon, he heeds not the flashes,
For Washington greets him a happy "All Hail!"
Together they sleep, proud rivals in glory,
No longer they toil where the wild carnage raves,
But history gilds the bright laurel of story
To beam with new lustre above the twin graves.

Jackson is dead! Disturb not his slumber,
But smoothe the soft pillow that raises his head;
While living he spurned the foul foe without number,
Let not their pollution disturb his when dead,
Then, Soldiers, come swear, and the oath as you word it
Let angels record with their pens from on high,
Swear by your swords, and God shall record it,
Swear to avenge him, or by him to die!

Jackson is dead! Place the sod on his bosom,
The wreath of his glory let history twine;
For his grave shall be sought by the pilgrims of freedom,
The Mecca of nations, his proud country's shrine.
Then, youth, maid, and matron, and grandsires hoary,
Kneel by his grave for 'tis blessed and free;
Great in his goodness, and good in his glory,
The spot where he sleeps must be sacred to thee.

Jackson is dead! And the Angels in heaven
Gather to welcome his soul from the sod,
And strewing his path with celestial flowers,
They lead him with song to the presence of God;
And plushing he takes the bright crown with the greeting
He hears in the voice of Jehovah alone—
Then Heaven applauds, and the Angels repeating
The sentence eternal, "Good Servant, well done!"

COMMANDING.

Major General G. H. Pickett's Division.

General J. R. Anderson's Brigade—7th, 8th, 9th, 11th and 59th Virginia.

General J. L. Kemper's Brigade—1st, 7th, 10th and 24th Virginia.

General C. M. Wilcox's Brigade—4th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th Alabama.

General G. E. Pickett's Brigade—(Colonel Corse,) 44th and 47th North Carolina, and 2d Virginia.

General W. S. Featherstone's Brigade—27th and 28th Georgia, and 4th and 49th North Carolina.

Major General Lafayette M'Law's Division.

General Kershaw's Brigade—1st, 2d and 3d South Carolina and 2d Florida.

General Semmes's Brigade—Georgia regiments.

General W. H. Echols's Brigade—Virginia regiments.

Colonel Warren's Brigade—Virginia regiments.

Colonel Wofford's Brigade—Virginia and North Carolina regiments.

Major General J. E. Hood's Division.

Gen. Geo. B. Anderson's Brigade—1st North Carolina, and 7th, 8th, 9th and 11th Georgia.

Gen. Hood's Texan Brigade—21, 31, 5th and 6th Texas.

Col. E. M. Law's Brigade—7th, 13th, 20th and 21st Alabama.

Col. Benning's Brigade—2d, 15th, 17th and 20th Georgia.

Gen. Maxey's Brigade—1st, 31st and 39th Alabama and 1st Georgia.

SECOND CORPS—LIEUTENANT GENERAL RICHARD S. EWELL, COMMANDING.

Major General J. A. Early's Division.

Gen. Gordon's Brigade—6th, 10th, 16th and 23d Georgia.

Gen. Ransom's Brigade—24th, 25th, 26th, 35th and 49th North Carolina.

Gen. Barksdale's Brigade—13th, 17th, 18th and 21st Mississippi.

Gen. R. L. Wright's Brigade—31, 4th and 22d Georgia and 1st Louisiana.

Gen. Grymes's Brigade—3d, 4th, 5th and 6th Louisiana.

Major General E. Johnson's Division.

Stonewall Brigade—2d, 4th, 5th, 23d, 27th, and 33d Virginia.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

Oh! say can you see, through the gloom and the storm,
More bright for the darkness, that pure constellation?
Like the symbol of love and redemption its form,
As it points to the haven of hope for the nation.
How radiant each star, as the beacon afar,
Giving promise of peace, or assurance in war!
'Tis the Cross of the South, which shall ever remain
To light us to freedom and glory again!

How peaceful and blest was America's soil
Till betray'd by the guile of the Puritan demon,
Which lurks under Virtue, and springs from its coil
To fasten its fangs in the life-blood of freemen.
Then boldly appeal to each heart that can feel,
And crush the foul viper 'neath Liberty's heel!
And the Cross of the South shall in triumph remain
To light us to freedom and glory again!

'Tis the emblem of peace, 'tis the day star of hope,
Like the sacred Labarum that guided the Roman;
From the shore of the Gulf to the Delaware's slope,
'Tis the trust of the free and the terror of foes.
Fling its folds to the air, while we boldly declare,
The rights we demand or the deeds that we dare!
While the Cross of the South shall in triumph remain
To light us to freedom and glory again!

And if peace should be hopeless and Justice denied,
And war's bloody val'ry should flap its black pinions,
Then gladly "to arms," while we hurl in our pride,
Defence to tyrants and death to their minions!
With our front in the field, swearing never to yield,
Or return like the Spartan in death on our shield!
And the Cross of the South shall triumphantly wave
As the flag of the free, the pall of the brave!

General F. S. Garnett's and 48th Virginia.

General W. B. Taliaferro and 33d Virginia and 47th.

General Henry Heth's regiments.

General Hoke's Brigade 48th North Carolina.

Major General R. E. Lee.

General J. J. Archer's 14th Tennessee, 19th Georgia.

General W. O. Williams' 10th and 15th Louisiana.

General R. E. Rhodes' 12th, and 26th Alabama.

General M. Gregg's 13th, and 14th South Carolina.

General Lane's Brigade and 23d North Carolina.

TRIAD CORPS—LIEUTENANT COMMANDER

Major General Richard Ewell.

Gen. L. A. Armistead's 53d and 57th Virginia.

Gen. Wm. Mahone's regiments.

Gen. Wilcox's Brigade 11th Alabama.

Gen. Wright's Brigade Georgia.

Gen. Conrad Posey's 16th Mississippi.

Major General Isaac Trimble's Brigade.

Gen. Colston's Brigade Louisiana.

Gen. H. Hare's Brigade and 67th Louisiana.

Gen. Billy Smith's 1 and 58th Virginia.

Gen. Trimble's Brigade Carolina and 21st Georgia.

Gen. Colquitt's Brigade.

Major General W. H. Lee.

Gen. Pender's Brigade North Carolina.

Gen. McGowan's Brigade, 1st Florida and 2d.

Gen. Thomas' Brigade 37th North Carolina.

Gen. Law's Brigade Alabama.

Gen. Perry's Brigade.

CAVALRY CORPS—MAJOR COMMANDER

General R. Toombs's Brigade.

General G. W. Field's Brigade.

General Thomas M. Jones' Brigade.

General Beverly H. Jones' Brigade.

General Fitzhugh Lee's Brigade.

General William F. Preston's Brigade.

General Wade Hampton's Brigade.

General A. G. Jenkins' Brigade.

Death of Mrs. E. Hart.

The Hartford (Conn.) death of the wife of ex-P.

How much of bereavement, brief announcement, the joyed the pleasure of a poor Mrs. Pierce, and knew her the ties of mutual affection bound the husband and wife, perishable love. She was a soul, a woman of rare beauty, loved by an extensive circle, and held by them in a high esteem. She had been a fragile woman, else, indeed, than a valetudinous death of her little son, thirteen years ago. From her bereavement she never recovered, the glittering display disconnected with the elevation of the husband to what was then the world, into the more fleeting mockeries. All prompted by anxious affection, her shattered health was but even a residence in the Madiers, among the vines, beautiful of the Islands of the South, to restore the bloom and whose heart was already where her lost treasure was. She is now gone to meet her God. The sympathy of the world to the bereaved husband is made to realize the loss, in the consciousness that he is now laid up.

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